

Ludacris f/ Gucci Mane**"Party No Mo"**

Visit "[Party No Mo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Ludacris] + (Gucci Mane) + {woman} P-p-p-party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo' (Party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo') Party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo' (Party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo') {Let's take a shot} take a shot {take a shot} take a shot {Let's take a shot} take a shot {take a shot} take a shot, AYYY! Party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo' (Party, I'ma party 'til I just can't party no mo') [Ludacris] I done had about fo' five six shots, yeah I'm gettin wasted Red pills, blue pills, yeah I'm in +The Matrix+ Two swisha, three swisha, fo' swisha, five So turn my music up and tell these hoes to get live Got a pocket full of hundreds and some bottles on ice ice Conjure and lime got a nigga feelin nice nice Desert on my hip so if you gamble roll the dice When I let it off once it make a nigga think twice twice You got mo' dough then homie you gon' have to show me You +Never+ say +It Rains+ like Tony! Toni! TonÃ©! My Chevy's outside and it's sittin on Kobe's And I keep the hood with me like Obi-Wan Kenobi Woodgrain trim, seats softer than your butt butt Make your car rattle from the speakers in my trunk trunk Swishas burnin slow and they got a nigga stuck stuck But don't be a fool cause the tool's on tuck tuck [Chorus] [Ludacris] Tell that slow bitch to bring another round, we gon' party 'til the sun's up Ladies rub your titties and my gangstas put your guns up Money money money, if you got it throw your ones up And if they ain't got it tell 'em "SHUT UP, YA DUMB FUCK!" My money stays in hand, you could say I got a grip grip Out to scoop my chips, you could say I gotta dip dip Cause I talk money while these haters talk shit shit And if they keep on talkin I'ma empty out a clip clip But I don't want no problems, I'm just tryin to get my game on Take a couple shots and use the alcohol to blame on Holla at some chicks and find a bitch to put my name on Then I'ma be the, I'ma be the one she put that thang on I got the perfect song to make your woman wanna shake shake And take her to the crib, I don't take her on no date date We all up in the club 'til the glass and table break break And all they wanna know is how much more that I can

take take [Chorus] [Ludacris] Now keep the cameras
flashin we about to shoot a movie A thick chick let me
sit my glass on her booty She stuck up on my hip and
she swear she ain't no groupie While I'm stuck up in the
VIP but everythang is all (Gucci!) So I gathered all the
women and we 'bout to take a shot shot Gone out my
mind, who's there? Nigga knock-knock Don't you hear
that 8-0-8 beatin down your block block? Keep the party
goin cause the party don't stop stop [Chorus]

Visit [Ludacris f/ Gucci Mane](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.